

# Spartans in the Citadel

by Agent165

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Summary: Two Spartans Crash Land in the Citadel. follow them as they search for their stolen humanity and missions to stop remaining Cerberus agents. (OC characters.) M for sex, drugs, alcohol, and violence.

## 1. Chapter 1

"Tara, what is going on?" Travis yelled over the helmet radio. He and his Spartan companion were being shot at by two Covenant Banshee fighters. They were flying all around the desert area of the Forerunner planet of Requiem as the planet crumbled in on itself.

"I'm losing control! The left wing's been hit!" she yelled back. She turned sharply, avoiding the huge monuments of ancient steel as they descended faster and faster. "The Fucking AI isn't doing anything!"

"Ice!" Travis shouted over the fire of the machine gun turret he fired at the two purple fighters. He hit one dead center and the purple jet blew up in flames.

"Yes, sir?" the AI responded over the Ship's intercom.

"Try to communicate with the Planet's portal system. Try to open one up and get us the hell out!" \_Click\_ went the turret as it signaled it was empty. "Fuck." He cursed under his breath.

"At once sir." Travis picked up a Squad Automatic Weapon, or SAW for short and unleashed hell on the Banshee behind him. The Pelican Drop ship Tara was driving turned and spun around drastically, avoiding giant steel buildings and mountains.

"Sir." The AI spoke.

"You open one?" Travis yelled over the long rate of fire the gun spat out.

"Yes, but it has no definite location."

"I don't care. Tell Tara to go through it." He reloaded the drum magazine and kept firing at the fighter shooting bolts of plasma at the ship.

"Yes, sir." The AI left him as he kept firing. The small bullets had no effect on the shell of the purple jet.

"Travis, I'm closing the cargo hull! Get ready, we enter in 500 meters and closing!" she said as the doors to the Pelican shut close. The doors jammed halfway through due to plasma damage.

"Doors are jammed!"

"Doesn't matter! We enter in 300!" Travis jumped to the weapon shelf over the seats to get his shotgun.

"Aw, shit. It ain't here." He looked to the left and saw an Assault Rifle. He grabbed it and placed it on his back where the magnetic straps in his Mark IV GEN 2 armor activated, holding it on his back.

"200!" Travis crouched down and held his pistol in his hand.

"100!" he closed his eyes hoping for the best. He never liked going through portals.

"Hang on!" He felt a large jump as the ship entered through blackness, the Banshee followed. The ride got bumpier with every foot until it seemed the entire ship would disassemble on them in mid transport.

On the Citadel, Commander John Shepard and his wife Liara T'Soni were sitting with their friends and crewmates of the Alliance Navy Ship, Normandy, in their apartment in the Wards. They were celebrating Liara's new pregnancy when their pilot, Joker called them over to the window. Everyone got up and walked over to see the center ring of the Citadel, was brimming with giant electrical arcs. The Presidium Ring glowed intently as a giant black portal ripped open, revealing a dark tunnel to another dimension. From it, two ships emerged, one grey human looking ship that was on fire, and another purple alien ship, chasing it. The human ship was crash landing towards the back of the Wards, landing in a horrible explosion while the purple circle around, descending slowly.

"Garrus, two C-Sec shuttles pronto." Shepard commanded. They were going to investigate.

## 2. Chapter 2

Travis awoke to the sound of banging on the hull of the ship. He stood up, dazed and confused. His armor was cracked and broken. The shield generator was damaged and wouldn't even turn on. His Warmaster helmet was cracked. The skull etched into the glass was cracked beyond repair. His Tracker chest piece had a large dent in it and his

Stalker shoulder pieces were hanging loosely off his shoulders. He looked around to see the crash had thrown him into the cockpit of the drop ship where his teammate, Tara was unconscious in the pilot's seat.

"Tara, wake up. Tara." He shook her gently.

"Uwah?" she lifted her head. Her Recon helmet visor was slightly cracked and the respirators beneath it were broken off. She fell unconscious again.

"Ice." He called out to the AI.

"Sir?"

Eject yourself from the ship's Holo-tank." He commanded. The Ai's chip shot out from the cylindrical stand, shot out towards Travis, who caught it and inserted the chip to the back of his helmet. "See if you can boot anything back up." Travis picked up his comrade and walked to the back of the ship. He kicked open the cargo bay doors and stepped outside, his snow white armor shone brightly, and he looked up to see where he found himself staring at a monstrous portal inside a giant ring with four large and long 'arms'. He looked down to see he was standing on the fifth one. His HUD came to life as the Radar and his shields came back on to fifty percent. He shook his head and set Tara down, laying her head on a chunk of metal. Here he saw the Banshee fighter land and open. Out of it came an Elite Storm Zealot wielding an Energy Sword.

The Elite wore maroon red armor that was curved and contoured. The helmet was sleek and long, with four small lights on top. Its sword, the complete opposite, was energy blue. It hummed intently as the plasma particles that were held by the electromagnetic field, boiled. Ready to cut down anything. And with four feet of length, the sword could cut about anything.

"Ah shit." Travis got his gun off his back and pulled back the bolt, chk-chk. He aimed the rifle at the Elite, who tossed an energy sword hilt at him. He wanted to duel.

Shepard and his crew mates surrounded the crash site from a balcony high above. Shepard had witnessed a crash and a humanoid creature in white armor had carried another in its arms, setting it down on a chunk of metal. The purple fighter had touched down and an alien in maroon, battle torn armor approached with a cyan blue sword. The white armored creature drew a gun on it. Shepard looked at Garrus, who had his sniper rifle already loaded and aimed.

"Who goes first?"

"Wait, let's see how this goes." Shepard put up a hand.

Travis caught the energy sword hilt and placed his gun on his back. He whipped the hilt back, unleashing the plasma and electromagnetic field, shaping the plasma into two blades of cyan blue energy. The two circled around each other, examining each other's steps.

"Why are you trying to duel me?" Travis asked.

"A true swordsman can tell when the man he faces will be a worthy

fight." The Elite spoke in an Elizabethan tone.

"You have two energy swords, so that means you must have been one of the top Zealot commanders of the Storm Covenant." Travis stepped closer and charged the red alien. He swung for the head, giving massive power behind the swing. The Elite chuckled and lifted his blade, blocking it with ease. Sparks and plasma flew, burning the metal underneath the two. He kicked back the Spartan and swung at the veteran. Travis dodged the attacks, barely getting his armor cut up.

"Yes, how observant of you, young warrior." The Elite paused, "it is an honor when a swordsman hands his enemy the very sword he made." He rushed Travis and kept swinging, leaving a trail of blue behind him with every swing. Travis parried back, swinging at the expert killer. The Elite dodged with the grace of a ballet dancer and swung back. The two clashed for about ten minutes until the Zealot found an opening in Travis' guard and lunged forward, clipping the Spartan's abdomen. Travis gasped as the blade not only cut him; the plasma of the sword boiled his cells. Travis dropped the sword and fell to the ground grabbing his side. He rolled over to the side and got up, aiming his rifle at the Elite.

Garrus looked at Shepard, who nodded approval to fire. The Turian aimed his rifle at the alien in red and fired a single shot at the back of the attacker who was deflecting bullets with its sword.

Travis unloaded his magazine into the Elite, who blocked it with his sword; the bullets all vaporized in the hot plasma. Crack. A round went off and the Elite spun around as he was hit, his energy shields broken. Travis dropped his assault rifle and unsheathed his combat knife and charged the Elite. The Zealot turned around, prepping a plasma grenade, and faced the Spartan who lunged at him. Travis jumped onto the Elite, impaling the knife into its neck before realizing the ever-getting-brighter grenade, stuck inside his chest piece. He looked at the Elite, who smiled smugly.

"Mother Fu-" the grenade blew up in a flurry of blues and purples. Travis found himself on the floor with his chest piece blown off and one dead Elite Zealot on the floor across from him. He crawled up off the floor, fuzziness at the edge of his eyes, he dragged himself to Tara as more ships of unfamiliar nomenclature, surrounded him. He grabbed a bubble shield grenade, activated it, and tossed it into the ground, creating a bubble shield around him and Tara before he succumbed to the darkness.

### 3. Chapter 3

Travis was walking in a dark space. He was walking around in only briefs. He saw a small light and walked over to it. There he saw memories of him and Tara fighting against Covenant soldiers. He remembered this fight. This was on Requiem. Team Majestic was recovering Dr. Halsey as Tara and he were fetching Ice from an abandoned science station, providing the scientists information on the covenant. That was about an hour before the planet started crumbling and falling out of orbit into the nearest sun. There was a presence he couldn't explain, but he felt it. And it felt like an intruder. Immediately the memory stopped and he saw a blue figure in

white. It was feminine in shape. It realized he saw her and turned around to run away. Travis ran after her, you can't outrun me in my own mind. He grabbed her and turned her around, and then a bright light blinded him, bringing him into reality.

Liara was searching the human's mind. Going through his memories and thoughts. She stumbled upon a battle scene where the human, Travis was his name, as his dog tags read, was shooting at other aliens next to another soldier in white. The other soldier, she found out her name was Tara, was firing as well. They were defending something when the planet started to collapse. She saw him on the other side of the dream and that's when it disappeared. Uh oh. She was beginning to pull away when he caught her. Just then she pulled her hands away and he came to life, struggling against the binds that held him. She jumped back in fright as he coughed and spat from resurrection, making Wrex and Garrus pull their guns on him.

"God damn it." He coughed as spit went wrong the down tube, making him struggle against the binds that held him. He saw he had two guns pointed at his head by an alien in maroon red armor and another taller one, yet thinner, who wore silver armor. The same woman who invaded his head was standing there raising a hand to the two aliens. She turned to him as he put a straight face.

"It's okay now; we're not here to harm you." She placed a soft blue hand on his bare, scarred chest.

"Where am I?" Travis examined the woman. She had a curvy figure with blue skin. Her face was soft and radiated kindness and warmth. She had large blue eyes, a small nose, freckles that dotted her cheeks, and in place of hair, scalp crests grew into shape.

"You are in the Citadel in the Serpent Nebula. You're in a hospital after you were attacked by that red alien." She removed her hand. Travis looked down to his hands and then looked at her.

"Can you remove these restraints?" he paused. "I swear I won't attempt anything." The blue woman nodded and untied his binds. Travis sat up noticing he was only in his underwear.

"It's fine." The woman giggled at the Spartan in briefs.

"May I ask what's your name?" Travis crossed his arms across his chest.

"My name is Liara T'Soni." She raised an arm at the large red alien, "That is Wrex." She turned to the one in silver, "And that is Garrus." Travis raised a hand in greetings. The two aliens nodded back. Just then a man walked in with a cup tray with four drinks.

"Hey there. I'm Commander Shepard."

Shepard was retrieving some drinks for the group down the hall when he heard coughing and the clicks of guns. He chuckled as the cashier clerk set the last cup of coffee in the cup tray. He marked the cup with the letter 'L' and picked up the tray. He grabbed his credit card, put it in his pocket, and turned around to see a doctor standing in front of him with a tablet.

"Commander Shepard, may we talk for a bit?"

"Yea sure. But you might want to make it quick. My wife hates me when the coffee's cold."

"It won't take long. The female soldier you recovered from the crash will be moved from ICU to normal care today."

"That's all?"

"Yes sir."

"Thanks. Have a good day." Shepard nodded as he walked down the hall. He opened the door and saw the unknown soldier sitting in the bed with Liara standing across from him. Wrex and Garrus stood there on guard duty. The soldier looked up.

"Hey there. I'm Commander Shepard." He set the cups down on the table in front of the bed. Liara moved over to the coffee and got her cup

"Hello."

"You're probably wondering where your companion is." Shepard paused. "No worries. She's in ICU but is being moved to normal care."

"How long was I out?" the soldier asked.

"Well, you were out for a couple of days and your friend was out for a week."

"How about you introduce yourself?" the big red alien spoke out.

"I am Spartan Traivis-097." Travis responded.

"Well Travis, it's a pleasure." Liara smiled again. "There are some clothes in the restroom when you want to get changed. Then I'll ask you some questions." Liara signaled for the rest to leave her alone.

They flooded out as Travis walked over to the bathroom locking the door behind him. He found a pile of clothes on top the sink. He walked over and changed into a pair of cargo shorts, a grey V-neck T-shirt, and a pair of grey sneakers. He looked at his reflection and a lifeless soldier stood opposite of him. His lifeless brown eyes examined the scarred face of his. A small slash scar was right above his right eye and a long scar reached from his neck to the underside of his chin. His short black hair had grown into a mess. He spotted the glint of his dog tag chain and frowned slightly. He had his dog tags on literally since the second they gave it to him. He looked at the rest of his endomorphic body. He was incredibly huge. He was surprised that the clothes even fit him, though they were tight, embellishing his features. His muscles bulged tightly against the shirt, threatening to stretch. He stepped out of the bathroom to see Liara seated at a table with the coffee in hand and talking to a blue orb that floated in the air. Travis sat down in front of her and placed his hands on the table. Liara waved away the blue orb.

"Well then, let's begin the questions." She smirked

\_Jesus Christmas. This took forever. Had a bunch of projects to do while writing my other story, The Creationist's Bane. You should check that out. But holy hell, I couldn't think. From now on, I think I'm going to start putting in these author's comments. So tell me what you think guys. Sorry for the wait and any imperfections. Fuck school.\_

End  
file.